

you shook me so hard, baby by viktorcreed

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Summary:

“You’re awfully fuckin’ chatty tonight.” Billy comments, what Steve thinks is supposed to be casually but coming from him it’s mostly just dark and sinister and that does things to Steve’s dick.

"I was just-"

"I know, you just need something a little more productive to do with that pretty mouth of yours."

you shook me so hard, baby

Author's Note:

Y'all something almost plot adjacent happens in here. Short but necessary to bridge the gap between this and the longer piece I'm working on, but also because fuckin' porn. I feel a little guilty tagging this spanking, but I mean technically it's in there.

Steve frowns as he catches sight of the bruise on Billy's side. It's a nasty deep mottled purple and it looks painful as fuck. He reaches out to touch the raised edges without even thinking about it but Billy catches his hand in midair before he has a chance to make contact.

"Does it hurt?" Steve asks thoughtfully.

Billy snorts and rolls his eyes. "The fuck do you think?" He mutters nastily, cigarette bobbing between his lips.

It looked painful.

"It looks painful." Steve tells him and Billy grins, it's tainted with something dark and ugly, but still. It's technically a genuine smile.

"Winner winner chicken dinner." Billy sneers derisively.

Steve's frown deepens as he tries to place when Billy could have gotten the bruise. It would have had to have been fairly recently, the last time he saw the other boy was last week. Although that's not technically true, he saw Billy at school, it's just been a week since they've done anything like this because for some reason Billy was avoiding Steve.

It didn't make much sense really and Steve had started to suspect that maybe this, whatever it was between them, was over until Billy had

finally approached him again. In his own callous and ass-holeish way that left Steve feeling vaguely insulted but ultimately relived.

“How’d it happen?” Steve asks thoughtfully. He’s curious, although he’s not sure why. It’s not like he and Billy were friends or anything.

Billy scoffs releasing his hold on Steve’s hand and taking another inhale from his cigarette. “Ask Max.” he mutters darkly in response. That raises more questions than answers because Max doesn’t look like she’s capable of bruising anyone. Steve’s about to open his mouth to make that point but the look in Billy’s eye tells him he should probably shut up about the bruise already.

“You’re awfully fuckin’ chatty tonight.” Billy comments, what Steve thinks is supposed to be casually but coming from him it’s mostly just dark and sinister and that does things to Steve’s dick.

“I was just-”

“I know,” Billy sighs, and he smiles in a truly terrifying way. Steve swallows thickly, he’s starting to find it hard to breathe. Was it getting hot in here or something? Maybe he should open a window. “You just need something a little more productive to do with that pretty mouth of yours.” Billy purrs and Steve shudders in response.

It’s so hard to think straight when Billy gets like this. Like predatory, like Billy is a fucking lion and Steve’s a damn gazelle.

“What did you have in mind?” Steve smirks, and feels extremely proud of himself for still being, relatively, put together.

Steve is hyper focused on the hand wrapped around Billy’s cock, giving it a couple lazy strokes just to raise it from the dead, he totally misses when Billy sneaks his other hand around to grip at the back of Steve’s neck.

“C’m on princess,” Billy smirks tugging at Steve. “pucker up like you mean it.”

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The way Steve sucks dick is fucking surreal.

It’s by far not the most skilled blowjob Billy has ever received but it’s the most enthusiastic. Steve sucks his dick like his fucking life depends on it.

Steve gags and moans and his eyes tear up and he drools, it is the hottest fucking thing Billy’s ever experienced. Ever.

“Fuck yeah,” Billy curses under his breath as he forces Steve’s head down further on his dick. Feels his head brush against Steve’s throat and moans when Steve gags again. He eases the pressure off after a couple seconds when fresh tears roll down Steve’s cheeks.

His eyes are wide and shining and for a second Billy is worried maybe he went too far but then he can feel Steve moaning around his dick and he knows the guy loves it as much as he does.

Most of the girls at school were skanks and had obviously been sucking dick longer than Steve but they still weren't half as good.

Steve lets out a low whimpering sound and Billy knows he's not going to last much longer, but he doesn't wanna finish like this.

He pulls out of Steve's mouth spends moment mesmerized by the trail of glistening drool connecting his dick to Steve's swollen bruised wet pink mouth before he starts rearranging Steve in the bed.

Steve's a little out of it but he goes without any resistance. Let's Billy lay him out on his stomach with his legs spread slightly.

Harrington's actually got a pretty sweet ass all things considered. And it doesn't make Billy gay for thinking it because an ass was an ass and this was a great ass.

Billy grips the base of his dick for a moment, catches his breath because he doesn't want to cum yet, this was gonna be too good.

"Damn, princess." Billy snickers, it's a deep rich sound he knows Steve's getting off on because the kid shudders and grinds his dick into the mattress. "Behave." Billy admonishes giving Steve's ass a firm swat.

It's supposed to be a stupid joke, but Steve cums almost immediately. Moaning and sighing and shaking into the mattress.

Holy. Fuck.

Billy presses his dick in between the flesh of Steve's ass, grips a cheek firm enough to bruise and humps against Steve until he cums. It takes an embarrassing two strokes but Steve kept whimpering and shit the whole time, loving every fucking second of it. So it's not even really Billy's fault.

Later, when they're pressed against each other dozing off, because it's a thing they do now. Billy doesn't mind the heat of Steve's head resting against his chest or the sounds he makes when he's lightly dozing. Relaxed and content as they are.

Steve presses a kiss against the skin of Billy's chest, it's a gentle sucking pressure that should piss him off. But right now he's just too tired to care.

Author's Note:

Every single one of y'all can fight me. Stop asking for more of this wtf.